TUBAL to SEBA.

THE

NEGRO SUICIDE.

A POEM.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

TUBAL to SEBA.

NEGRO SUICIDE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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Cruikshanks del.

Barlow sculp.

I come this pointed Steel
Pierc'd to my Heart my Spirits Citadel
Shall bear my Soul a passage to those Realms
Where false Injustice can afflict no more
But where Felicity expanding wide

O'er Fields of Ether and thro' Plains of Light
In ev'ry Breast beats high where Freedom dwells
And where eternal Equity presides
Suspends the Scale and poises all above.

TUBAL TO SEBA.

THE

NEGRO SUICIDE.

A POEM.

BY JOHN GORTON.

EXTERIOR diſadvantage can produce
No plauſive, no ſubſtantial proof
To ſtrike conviction to the candid mind,
Whom truth unbiaſs'd, only can compel—
Inferiority of frame
Or in the hûe, or in the mien inwove,
Maintains ſufficient vigor to abate
The ſoul's ſuperior luſtre.

SECOND EDITION.

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M DCC XCVII.

TUBAL TO SEBA.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

NEGRO SUICIDE.

WITHDRAWN from ſcenes of infamy and woe,
Where ſtern oppreſſion rules with haughty hand—
Reigns with deſpotic ſway, and captive binds
The ſooty ſons of Afric's burning clime,
To groan in fetters and to ſigh in chains,
I ſeek releaſement from terrific death!—
Approach his fane, and court his friendly aid,
To ſtay my ſorrows and redreſs my wrongs.

In him repos'd—my laſt, my ſad reſource—
I ſmile, blind goddeſs! at thy envious ſhafts,
And all their rage defy. In vain your brow
Contracts the frown, and threats continued ill!
Fix'd on thoſe plains of permanent delight—
Thoſe worlds of bliſs where unobſtructed flow
Inceſſant ſtreams of ſweet felicity;
And heav'n-born freedom dwells in bright perfection—
Where friendſhip, undisguis'd, and cherub love
Beam on each face, and brighten ev'ry feature,
My ſoul premeditates on future joy;
On ſmiling peace and pureſt liberty:
And counts each tedious minute as an age,
Till heav'n herſelf, unveiling to mine eyes,
Blaze on my wond'ring ſight, and make me bleſt
Beyond my thoughts; my fancy's utmoſt reach.

With ſtrengthen'd pinion, and with rapid wing—
Secur'd by hope—exulting ſhe directs
Her fervent flight, in other realms to trace,
And to its native origin purſue
Felicitating joy :——
Or, with imaginary force,
As ſpeedy as idea, or the fire
That trav'lling, decks with momentary light
Th' ærial canopy of heav'n—
Re-meaſures backward the capacious flood,
That forms ſo wide a barrier and ſo vaſt,
Betwixt my ſoul and hoſpitable hope;
And with afflictive fondneſs, hovers there :—
Where lovely liberty—the ſweeteſt nymph,
That ſmooths, with gentle hand, the wrinkled brow
Of this our rugged and tempeſtuous ſtate ;
And tempers the uneven face of care,

(From ſuch materials form'd, as in her ſmile,
By time's ſwift proceſs kindly grew mature:
Love, hope, and friendſhip's ever-gentle train)
The graceful chaplet, with complaiſance wove,
That crown'd my youth, and deck'd my earlier years
With eaſe indulgent, and with good benign.

STILL fond to haunt the grove's ſequeſter'd ſhade,
In whoſe receſſes oft at vivid eve,—
(What time heav'ns gay and glorious charioteer
Had inn'd his ſteeds in foamy Neptune's bed)
Relax'd from labor and the cares of toil,
Beneath ſome ſtately palm's diffuſive ſhade
I ſought invigorating eaſe;
Or Zylla's captivating converſe ſhar'd—
Tranſcendant Zylla! whom each ſwain admir'd:
The loveliеſt of her ſex—for whom, in vain,

Enamour'd princes ſigh'd: whoſe brilliant worth
In all ſhe did, ſhot forth majeſtic grace,
And dazzl'd each ſpectator! She, for whom
The lap of nature teem'd with choiceſt good,
And pour'd its bounteous gifts!
Or prone to wander where my footſteps ſtray'd,
(What ſtilly hour the leaden-mantled night
O'er half the world had hung her ſable veil),
Attracted by the ~~lucid~~ dear meand'ring ſtream;
Whoſe purling accents gently warbling flow'd,
And fill'd the plains with muſic; to ſurvey
(Beſide her flow'ry verdant bank diffus'd—
While gently greeted by the tranſient breeze,
That wak'd each ſweet, and rifled from its cell
To ſpread its balmy dow'r)—
By contemplation's brighter influence taught,
Abſorb'd in wonder and abſorb'd in praiſe,

Heav'ns

Heav'ns vaſt expanſe, with all her ſtarry train,
And ſilver Cynthia ſeated in the midſt,
Sole empreſs and ſole arbitreſs of night—
The vital lamp whom wary Phœbus decks
With ample luſtre to ſupply his poſt
Subſervient to the ſeaſon, kindly ſleep
Reſtricts unruly care,
And binds in ſilken cords the weary ſenſe:
Or ſtill impreſs'd with glory's gen'rous flame,
The fire that ſtimulates to virtuous deeds,
And lights the ſoul to bend at valor's ſhrine;
Impell'd in thought to range the deſert o'er,
And ſtalk amid its gloom; where oft beheld
Theſe rolling orbs of ſight, ſuch deeds atchiev'd
By thy ſuperior proweſs—ſuch exploits—
Such acts of triumph overcome by thee,
As challeng'd vict'ry from its untam'd tribes,

And

And bid its fierceſt yield:
Remembrance harrows in my troubl'd breaſt
A thouſand ſad ſenſations; ſuch as ſhew
What once I was, and to what ſtate am ~~fell~~ fallen
When elevated in my better ſphere,
And courted by propitious ſtars,
That ſhed benigner influence o'er my fate:
From forth illuſtrious freedom's radiant brow
What golden bleſſings intermiſſive beam'd;
And ſince immers'd in ſorrows loweſt deep—
Calamity's extremeſt gulph!
How ſettled and how thick a gloom awaits
Th' untoward voyage of my life!
Envelops with deſpair,
And bounds with pain perplexity and ill.

THUS painfully attach'd to former bliſs,

And pleas'd to contraſt with my preſent woes,
She hies her thither with impetuous haſte;
(Nor inattentive, Seba, to thy love,
And ſuch reſtringent ties as in our youth
So early budded, and ſo ſhortly bloom'd) —
Where vivid joy was wont to prove a gueſt,
And render gay and chequer with delight,
Time's later tide inevitably loſt.
As bends the curling riv'let to the deep,
And purling glides, and winding, plies its way
Along the daiſied mead or verdant vale:
Should ſome impediment obſtruct its pace,
And ſtraighten in its banks,
Impatient of confinement, it o'erleaps
Suppreſſion's chain, and burſts through all reſtraint.
E'en thus, tho' rude affliction's baneful pow'r
May ſtay life's purer current, and may daſh

Her

Her mildeſt cup, and poiſon all its ſweets:
Tho' keen adverſity's imbitter'd guſt,
Infuriate with anger may deſtroy
Immediate comfort and protractive hope;
And big deſpondency, with heavy view,
And unrelenting, unremitting force
Around my ſoul may pour her thickeſt ſhades—
Unſhackled by ſo vain, ſo weak a bar,
That may retard, but lacks ſufficient ſtrength
To blunt the ſacred energetic ſpring,
That ſtill affords a competent ſupply,
Tho' fate divides us to ſecure the bond
Fate ne'er had pow'r to harm:
Pure as when firſt we pledg'd our ardent vows,
As long as this our being ſhall endure,
Inviolate to hold and fix'd our love—
(Our witneſs, Heav'n—that from her throne beheld

And on our friendly contract gracious ſmil'd;
Nor ceas'd to ſmile with benedictive ray,
With kindly aſpect till the fatal morn
That captious hung; and as ſome tempeſt lowr'd,
Deſtructive of the peace that fill'd my breaſt—
That knew till then no fierce contentious broil
Of trouble and of woe):
Affection's buſy torrent unimpeach'd,
Still travels forth to thee: unwearied ſtill,
Purſues its pleaſing track—nor fate's deſigns,
Nor fortune's rancor can divert its courſe—
Abate its cuſtomary tide,
Or turn its current from its wonted flow.

BLACK as the hour that ſeal'd my ſadden'd doom,
And yielded me from freedom into chains—
Tho' chaſtiſement may frown, and bitter care,

The ſad companion of my dreary way,
My boſom may involve with ceaſeleſs gloom—
Tho' ſharper than the poignant pangs I feel
When puniſhment, inflicted from the thong,
Unmerited, and ſans ſufficient cauſe,
Opes recent ſores, or ſadly new effects:
Inſatiate anguiſh, with relentleſs tooth,
And with ungovern'd rage, may rend my heart
With endleſs feud, and with convulſive pain—
Yet, never ceaſe I, Seba, to deſcry
Thy friendly form amid a thouſand ſhades!—
Thy faithful image, and my Zylla's ſtill,
So deep engraven are they on my heart—
So fully ſtamp'd, and on my mind impreſs'd,
Fail not to find my more ſecluded ſteps;
My moments moſt retir'd: at morn, at noon,
At breezy eve—or when the ſeaſon dim,

Conſigns the weary to recruit awhile.
Their waſted ſtrength, and renovate their frame;
And dewy ſleep, life's grand reſtorative—
Important nature's moſt effectual balm,
Neglective of thy Tubal, thither hies,
With downy hand, and with attentive care,
To ſmooth the couch and ſoften his repoſe;
Where reſts the haraſs'd happy, and reclin'd,
Enjoys a relaxation from his toil.
At every period, and in every place,
(Undeviating from ſo juſt a claim,
What love exacts and friendſhip but demands)
The lov'd companion of my youthful years—
And ſhe my boſom-friend, whoſe beauty cheer'd
And vivify'd the lonely vale of life;
And whoſe exalted virtues ſet her forth
With all the graces excellency wears,

'Till grisly death subdue me, and dissolve;
Triumphantly dissolve, each social tie
That firmly knits, and binds them to my heart!
Un-intermitted must my hopes employ,
My chiefest hopes and wishes for their good;
And waft to heav'n my supplicative soul,
An humble guest in pure, in fervid pray'r—
Intreative thither to beseech for them
A permanent duration of their rights;
And to them, a succession of such terms
As fate from me inexorably raught.

As to its main, the river, so my thoughts
Un-ebbing roll, and center upon thee.
For thee, the tear, the rising tear impels!
Sigh follows sigh, and pray'r succeeds to pray'r.
Nor absence, nor the circling hand of time,

Whose

Whoſe perſevering, un-appeaſed hate,
Perplexes nature, and deſtroys her works—
And whoſe un-erring, all-ſubduing pow'r
Can ſteal us, imperceptibly away,
And rob us from ourſelves,
Can mitigate my due reſpect for thee.
Heav'n never ceaſes to be importun'd;
And ev'ry ſtar, and ev'ry pow'r on high,
That cauſes evil or produces good,
To be intreated for thy ſpecial bliſs.
Each falſe idea that would hurt thy fame,
And wound, or leſſen thee in my eſteem,
Abjures my breaſt, or melts before thy love!

THOU ever-glorious ſun! that in thy ſphere
Doſt ſtill retain pre-eminence divine—
Time's computiſt, and nature's kindeſt friend,

Whom

Whom never more theſe orbs of ſight ſhall view
In majeſty ſublime, or climb the Eaſt,
With roſy morn, in all her blushing charms;
Or wheel thyſelf reſplendent to the main:—
And thou ſupreme unknown, and only good,
That with a ſingle glance or thought, canſt bound
From pole to pole, and graſp them both at once;
Whoſe vaſt pavilion, ſituate above,
Eternal radiance fills; and from whoſe height
Thou forth diſpenſeſt fate—
Preſcrib'ſt her bounds, and meaſur'ſt out her laws:—
And you, ye glitt'ring univerſal hoſt,
That thickly pave the canopy of heav'n
With gems of richeſt luſtre; witneſs all,
If ye poſſeſs the faculty to judge,
And needs my reaſon would conclude ye can.

SINCE palpable injuſtice firſt compell'd
My ſteps from peace, and ſever'd me from joy;—
And ſince affliction with ſo dire—
With ſo ſevere—ſo liberal a gift,
Heap'd on my head, and added care to care,
That I am glad to ſue to terror's king,
And ſupplicate a kind releaſe from him:
Not uncouth ill, in ſuch her hideous form
As moſt afflicts, and terrifys the mind—
Nor ceaſeleſs torture, nor unceaſing woe;
Nor all the vaſt ſeverity of fate—
Nor fortune's ſad reverſes, or her hate,
Could ever yet ſo far my ſoul ſubdue,
Or turn her counſel from it's proper courſe,
As to divert from heav'n my warmeſt zeal;
Or from her ear, unproffer'd, the requeſt—
The pure requeſt for friends, than life itſelf

More dear—more eſtimated far, ſince life
Depriv'd of them, is but at beſt a dreg.

And you, ye balmy gales, that richly fraught,
And thickly laden with prolific ſweets,
Have oft beſtow'd me ſalutary hail,
When lonely and dejected I have ſought
(By none elſe greeted, and by none conſol'd)
The flow'ry margin of yon babbling rill,
And ſtol'n a narrow reſpite from my toil,
With ſolitary purpoſe to obſerve
(Since ran its notes congenial with my woes)
Its tender plaintive ſtrains complaining glide,
In gentle murmurs through the verdant plain:
Oh! ſpeed from hence, on fleeteſt pinions ſpeed
O'er Afric's deſerts and her burning ſands;
Nor tardy ſtay, till you have found my friend—
Whom found, him thus beſpeak—him thus accoſt

In gentle whiſpers. " Oft have we beheld,
When vivid ev'ning bid Zephyrus blow,
And riſle nature for her richeſt ſweets—
Thy friend, thy Tubal, weary o'er the field,
Purſue his arduous labor. Still his front
Maintain'd the aſpect of a mind, that bore
His wretched abject ſtate with due diſdain,
And not with ſervile tameneſs; with a ſoul
Unknowing how to yield, tho' ſorely preſs'd
By cruel threats, and ſtill increaſing wrongs:
Yet, ever and anon, we could perceive
The ſilent cryſtal witneſſes of pain,
Grief's liquid, ſad ſurcharge!
Each other chace adown his manly cheek—
Awhile the table of the ſoul, his face,
Diſtorted, thus inform'd us, dire deſpair,
And buſy anguiſh in his tortur'd breaſt.

Make

Make endleſs ſtrife, and ſhake his ſoul with ſtorms:——
Compoſure from his boſom long has fled;
And all his varied paſſions are at war,
And oft we could obſerve, with ardent glance,
Upcaſt to heav'n his eye; and oft his lips,
His waving lips, ejaculate the pray'r,
The fervent pray'r, for ſome abſented friend,
That claim'd, apparently, his beſt regard,
His chiefeſt care, and not unhaply thee!"——

And go, deſcription, in thy fulleſt ſhades;
And with a careful, and a wary hand,
In ever-living characters expreſs
My life's laſt ſcenes, and picture thus its woes:——
Well muſt thou, Seba, recollect the day,
The fatal day that robb'd thee of thy friend—
With ev'ry horrid circumſtance it trail'd:

Of it no more! (but as it needs muſt lead,
And wind me to my tale)—
Scarce had miſchance ye ſunder'd, and apart
Set ye to wander, each in ſearch of each,
Whom fate had ſever'd never to meet more:
As rang'd thy friend, in anxious queſt of thee,
(Not ill-deſigning, nor ſuſpecting ill)
Along th' intricate mazes of the wood,
E'er ſuddenly, an unexpected band
Of ruthleſs ruffians, bred to rapine dire,
Whoſe flinty hearts, had cuſtom's hard'ning hand
Long render'd deaf to mercy—and whoſe breaſts
Could feel no ſoft'ning ray—him ſadly bound,
And weeping, and expoſtulating led—
Tho' weeping and intreating, but in vain,
A wretched, grieving victim to their will,
Where hundreds, by inſidious art betray'd,

Already pinion'd lay—
Their own deploring, and their country's fate;
And inly ruminating in their minds
What dangers unforeseen, and hapless fate,
Might wait their dire enforc'd departure thence,
Or in a tedious, gloomy, interval
Of painful absence might their country plunge
In still a deeper and obscurer depths
In still a lower labyrinth of woe!

Oft had he heard—with indignation heard,
What acts of plunder, and what deeds of theft,
In full despight of justice and her laws,
Had been impos'd on Afric; whilst his breast
Burn'd with a gen'rous ardent flame, to check
Oppression's reins—and from his native soil
Repel her hated car. Then, since alone,

The

The mere relation of ſuch incidents
Could tune his paſſions to their utmoſt pitch
And purpoſe of revenge—with force, conceive,
What rage! what frenzy! muſt have fir'd his ſoul
With fury and with tumult, when his eye
Became a ſad ſpectator to ſuch ſcenes,
And he himſelf their victim? When thoſe hands
Were fetter'd then, that oft o'er Gambia's waſte
Had fell'd its fierceſt tenants; and that will,
That oft had made the rugged Lion bend,
Was ſtripp'd of all its vigor! but when more—
And much ſeverer than his other ills—
He view'd with horror, and with keen diſmay,
The ſadly human-freighted veſſel's ſails
Expanding, catch each briſk, each tranſient breeze,
That leagu'd with his too inauſpicious fate,
To waft him from his home, his hopes, and thee!

In vain, by turns, was ev'ry god implor'd
That Afric's ſons adore: No thunder ſpake—
No light'ning fled vindictive! Heav'n herſelf
Seem'd t' impel his ruin!—Softly huſh'd
Within their cave, were all the mut'nous winds;
And hoary ocean in his bed was mute:
No fair, tho' diſtant proſpect, hail'd his heart,
He either ſhould atchieve a kind releaſe,
Or gain a liquid grave: his doom was fix'd—
Irrevocably fix'd—not ought could turn,
Nor ought award its purpoſe. Soon he gains
(But not 'till ſeveral of his fellows fall;
Or ſtifled by confinement, or by ſtench—
Or quell'd by grief, an envied prey to death)
The ſadly deſtin'd and unwelcome port,
That introduc'd him to the fatal ſpot
Where he ſhould act his woes;

From thence conducted to the public mart,
Where human flesh is vended, and where man
Of man disposes: he is there expos'd—
Examin'd—purchas'd—and his liberty—
That bright, inestimable jewel—bought
He now becomes another's, and no more
Is at his own disposal. Thus bereav'd
Of home—of friends—of freedom, and his all—
And from prosperity's enliv'ning lap,
Where long he flourish'd, and where long he bloom'd—
Transplanted to a soil so far averse,
So barren to his good, he withering droops—
He pines—he sickens;—what had yet remain'd
In his own native and congenial earth
A goodly flow'r—what still had flourish'd there,
In all the prime and energy of hope?

His

His life ſince then, has been a conſtant ſcene,
A perfect ſeries of perpetual woe.
The lamp of heav'n, that burning in his orb,
Conducts the ſeaſons and revolves the year;
And ſhe his ſubſtitute, that milder far,
Shoots her ethereal beam—the rolling ſtars
That wander in their circuits, and inlay
With ſtuds of gold, the burniſh'd floor of heav'n—
The vernal breath of morn, that wakes with ſweets
The little warbler to attune his lays:
The little warbler's lays thus ſweet attun'd,
Eve's gentle Zephyrs that her ſteps attend,
And frolic in her train—the verdant plain,
The varied landſkip, and the ſilver ſtream,
That melts in gentle murmurs—all muſt now
Surceaſe their pow'r to pleaſe! e'en nature's ſelf
Delights no more—and nature's varied charms,

Her num'rous beauties, that or once could raiſe
A pleaſing ſilent tranſport in his breaſt,
Or wake his ſoul to gratitude and praiſe—
Survey'd thro' ſorrows retroſpective eye,
Muſt looſe their wonted luſtre. When the dawn
Itſelf diſcloſes, and day's harbinger,
That ruddy-viſag'd maid, with cheerful ſtep,
Firſt trips it in the Eaſt; or when the day,
Aſcending to his ſummit, gains his noon,
Or from his noon declines; or when the night,
The dewy night, forth iſſuing from her cave,
Diſpenſes from her lap a ſilent gloom,
And from her ſhoulder flings her ſable garb,
To wrap the world in darkneſs; ſadly ſtill,
With equal, unabated, ſolemn pace,
Purſue his ſteps, and with unleſſen'd rage,
With undiminiſh'd force, afflict his path—

Deſpair

Deſpair and wayward woe. No kind approof
Or checks his grief, or mitigates his toil—
No ſmile or ſtifles, or impedes the tear—
Abates his anguiſh, or his pain relieves!
But chaſtiſement, ignominy, and ſhame,
Him proſecute inſtead—undue diſdain
And cruel torture, and inhuman ſtripes,
Repay his care, and recompence his deeds!

E'ER Sol, attir'd in all his Eaſtern pomp,
Has open'd yonder portals, he, up-rous'd
From mis'ry's wretched couch, (where all the night
He ſadly meditative lay,
Accuſive of the morn that uſhers in,
With cruel ſtripes, and wounds ſurcharg'd with gore,
A ſad renewal of experienc'd griefs)
Is ſummon'd to ſuſtain his uſual ſhare—

Of daily labour, agony, and woe!
And thro' the tedious hardſhip of the day
No change appears—no proſpect to his view
Preſents itſelf, and intimates relief;
No gentle reſpite in its boſom bears,
To ſoften anguiſh, or to ſeaſon care,
A limited ceſſation from his pain;
But one continual, one perpetual round
Of wretchedneſs and ſorrow, fills apace
The worthleſs remnant of an hateful ſtate!—
No faithful friend is nigh, to whom he can
Communicate his feelings—pale deſpair
O'erhangs his brow, and rankles at his heart—
While ev'ry ruder paſſion in his Breaſt,
Creates perennial diſcord—while revenge
Is harbour'd there, and thither long conceal'd,
Has waited to appear—'till at the length,

No longer capable to palliate,
Or bind the greedy torrent of its rage—
Unſtay'd, uninterrupted, (unimpeach'd
By any lett, or hind'rance to its courſe)
It ſallies furious forth—
Breaks thro' reſtraint, and burſts upon himſelf!

What rage, (what blindneſs captivates mankind,
And bids them groſſly err! Why ſtrays ſo far
The European from the beam of truth?
And why perceives he not our wants, like his,
Require a ſatisfaction? Our deſires,
Our paſſions too, run parallel with his?—
The ſelf-ſame ſpring from which his troubles flow,
Gives origin to ours: the ſelf-ſame ſpark
That gentle pity kindles in his breaſt,
Alike inflames our own! The penſive tale

From

From us, as him, can claim the gen'rous drop,
The ſympathizing tribute! Grieves a friend
Beneath or ſickneſs, or beneath diſeaſe;
Or inſucceſs, or loſs of relatives—
(Or ſnatch'd by death, or dragg'd to other climes,
To trail with tortures, worſe than death itſelf,
In ſad captivity; an abject ſtate,
Remote from friends, from ſuccour or repoſe)
Direct we fly to raiſe his drooping head,
Condole his pain, and eaſe him of a ſhare;
Attentive to inſpect the trickling tear,
And catch it e'er it fall. If foes invade,
Forthwith we muſter to oppoſe their art,
And render futile ev'ry hoſtile act;—
Solicits us a friend—with utmoſt will
We yield him his deſire;—or, led aſtray
By ſome misfortune, craves the trav'ller aid,

Proud

Proud of ſo opportune a deed, we fly,
Intreat his ſtay, and our protection urge;
In ev'ry action make his welcome clear,
And yield him gladly, each benign ſupply—
Each hoſpitable gift our dome affords;
Pleas'd, frankly to beſtow in part, ſuch good,
As nature's bounty freely gives to us.

Fear, tranſport, jealouſy, deſpair, or hope,
As inſtincts impu'ſe, ſhall our feelings ſteer;
Our boſom dictates, or our reaſon rules.
Now merriment obtains the ſprightly laugh,
And anguiſh then, extorts the painful ſigh;
Now grateful rapture ſwells the heaving breaſt—
Then, grief depreſſes it. Now lively hope,
With all its ſmiling train, enchears the ſoul—
And then, deſpondency, as grim as death,

Incloſes it with horror! Such as theſe—
That ſtream immingled, or with torrent pure,
Take each its ſep'rate byaſs to the mind,
Is paſſions conſtant influx: Such as theſe—
Direct its movements, and inform its deeds.—
What tho' uprear'd amid the burning waſte,
Where Sol his ſultry beam ſevereſt darts,
And at his fiery chariot's glowing wheel,
Right over-head impels the bluſhing day—
The ſimple ſon of burning Ethiop's clime,
Be much untutor'd in the poliſh'd arts—
What tho' his ſkin her fairer tint deny'd,
Be ting'd with nature's deepeſt, blackeſt hue—
Or, as he ſeeks the foreſt's grim receſs,
With brave intent to give the ſalvage chace,
Or rouſe to ire and war—the ſcorching ſun,
With fulleſt vigor on his naked limbs,

Emits

Emits its fierceſt ray—yet deeply wrought
Within the ſecret covert of his heart,
He finds each pure, each heav'n origin'd flame,
His ſoul inſpire, innoble, and exalt:
A love of virtue and of praiſe he feels
His breaſt illumine, and his mind inflame—
And ſuch a train of cauſes he perceives
Betwixt the European and himſelf,
So ſimilarly portion'd in effect,
That needs he muſt, his judgment render thus:—
The ſelf-ſame pow'r that being gave to man,
In either boſom, reaſon's taper hung;
And bid it glitter with an equal beam—
The ſelf ſame hand that fram'd this nether world,
And richly rob'd with magnificent grace,
Alike implanted in the breaſt of each
A ſacred love of freedom; and to each

Beſtow'd in truſt, a neceſſary boon—
A faculty to feel, and judge its loſs!

E'EN now I feel it in my boſom rage,
And bear down all my heart! My paſſions riſe,
And anger, with an irreſiſted ſway,
Engroſſes ev'ry feeling!—All my ſoul
Is ſtrongly agitated with revenge,
And keen reſentment burns within my breaſt!
Yet, lacking other more ſubſtantial means
To ſpend its vigor, and exhauſt its rage,
It vents itſelf in maledictions dire—
In bitter curſes upon Afric's wrongs!—
Oh, join my friend! in keen invectives join!
And may they with ſevereſt vengeance, fall
Vindictive on each European ſtate,
That gives its licence to a trade ſo vile!—

Oh may each evil they themſelves inflict,
Be doubled on their heads! May vengeance riſe
In moſt terrific form, and may it ſhed
Its worſt of horrors, and its worſt of plagues
O'er ev'ry land that ſanctions its encroach,
And ſuffers its inhuman front to tow'r,
And thrive in their auſpices! Yet, the moſt
To Britain, as its chief—its main ſupport,
Be ev'ry ill extended! She it is,
That, couch'd beneath the ſhelter of her pow'r,
Approves its depredations! She it is,
That, rigidly tenacious of her own,
Inſpects her freedom with a jealous eye;
Yet, ſway'd, alas! by intereſted views,
Forth iſſues laws, and puts them into force,
To pilfer it from others! She it is,
That with her breath vociferating loud,

Delights to magnify her rights on high;
And ſwell to heav'n her vaſt prerogative:
Yet, ſmiles to ſee the guileleſs African,
Of ev'ry gift, of ev'ry good depriv'd—
And ſmiles to ſee him robb'd of ev'ry ſweet
That ſeaſons life, and modify's its draught.

But liſt! from whither wild yon plantane grows,
What voice proceeds, and fays,—or ſeems to fay—
"Why tarry you ſo long? Ah, why ſo loth
To ſink, forgotten, and to ſleep in peace?—
Once, as thyſelf, a ſolitary victim
To a long train of griefs, of wretched griefs,
Like thee, I hated life!—Like thee, I ſought
To throw it off, and rid me of my chains!
Like thee, I found an opportunity,
And fell where now I lie!—My ſpirit fled

To yon bleſt regions, where your hopes are fix'd—
Where ſoon I learnt, with glowing rapture learnt,
Yet Afric ſhall be free! Yet, unannoy'd,
Her ſons ſhall taſte ſecurity and peace!—
'Tis Britain! whom ſo lately you condemn'd,
'Tis ſhe will raiſe them to their former rights,
And freedom fair, amongſt them reinſtate:
Her hand ſhall heal the breach oppreſſion's made,
And cloſe its ev'ry wound! Her ſov'reign balm
Shall recompence the injuries ſhe has done,
And ſhall ſupply them with a perfect cure:—
But, come, away!—ſome little ſpace there needs
To revolute ſo happy an effect:—
Oh, come from anguiſh, and from poignant woe,
T' enjoy inceſſant freedom!—Hither haſte,
Where joy unfading, with meridian ray,
Beams freely upon all! Where fair content

Encompaſſes the ſoul with bliſs ſupreme—
Where day is never abſent—and the mind,
To care a ſtranger, is to ſleep a ſoe!—
Where, ever-blooming, ſmiles th' etherial field
In unabated beauty!—Where benign,
Divine ambroſia fills the heav'nly plain—
Where choirs of birds, amid the ſunny vale,
Make melody eternal!—Where the breaſt
Knows no diverſity of joy and woe;
Nor any reflux feels:—Where reaſeleſs joys
Extatic range at large—Where raptures high,
Profuſely revel—and where happineſs
With ſkilful hand, the eaſy helm directs."

I COME!—but e'er I tread yon bliſsful realms,
Where ſofteſt eaſe invites—Yet, e'er ſhall death
His icy ſiege commence—Yet, e'er his hand

Shall

Shall from her fort my ſtruggling life expel,
And flights of ſeraphs ſhall my ſoul upbear
To regions of uninterrupted joy,
Accept thyſelf, and to each abſent friend,
My laſt beſt wiſhes, with an equal hand,
Impartially diſtribute: Soon, full ſoon,
Upon a better and ſecurer ſhore,
Where fate has no dominion—and where force,
Tyrannic force, no more ſhall ſeperate
What friendſhip feign in laſting bands would join—
My Zylla's bleſt ſociety, and thine,
Shall charm my being thro' an endleſs day!
Yet, dying, I participate, in ſome degree,
That bliſs I go to ſhare—My hopes retrive;
And from each quarter comfort mans my heart!
With eager zeal I hail th' approaching day
Shall crown my country's liberty!—With joy

Retract I ev'ry ill ſo late denounc'd—
And tender bleſſings, where ſo late I curs'd.

I COME !—be ſome attendant guardian near,
My ſoul to convoy to thoſe realms on high,
Where conſummately perfect is repoſe—
Where light enthron'd amid reſplendent ſuns,
Creates perpetual day ! Where pain is not,
And where oppreſſion, curtail'd of her pow'r,
Maintains no further rule. This pointed ſteel,
Pierc'd to my heart, my ſpirit's citadel !
Shall hew my ſoul a paſſage to thoſe realms,
Where falſe injuſtice can afflict no more !
But where felicity expanding wide,
O'er fields of ether, and thro' plains of light,
In ev'ry breaſt beats high ! Where freedom dwells,
And where eternal equity preſides—

Suſpends

Suſpends the ſcale and poiſes all above.—
The deed is done!—the poignant dagger, plung'd
Within my boſom, rankles in my heart!
Already I perceive triumphant death,
In all his hoſtile force!
Celeſtial glories open on my view,
And, heav'n in all her beauty ſtands reveal'd!
But, Seba! lo; what pleaſing ſhapes are they,
That thus accoutred, thus array'd in ſmiles,
Invite my ſoul to bliſs? I come, my friends!
I follow you away! My ſpirit haſtes
Where joy ſurceaſes not,
And tranſport never dies!——
Freed from her priſon-houſe ſhe wings her flight,
Where day refulgent beams, and intercludes the night.

FINIS.

Suspends the scale and points all above.—
The deed is done!—the poignant dagger, plung'd
Within my bosom, rankles in my heart!
Already I perceive triumphant death,
In all his hostile force!
Celestial glories open on my view,
And, heav'n in all her beauty stands revealed!
But, Seba! lo, what pleading shapes are they,
That thus accoured, thus array'd in smiles,
Invite my soul to bliss? I come, my friends!
I follow you away! My spirit hates
Where joy forsakes not,
And mankind never dies!——

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Freed from her prison-house she wings her flight,
Where day refulgent beams, and nourishes the night.

FINIS.